

The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are inflamed and irritated; you cough, and there is more irritation—more coughing. You take a cough mixture and it eases the irritation—for a while. You take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it cures the cold. That's what is necessary. It soothes the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's how Scott's Emulsion deals with a sore throat, a cough, a cold, or bronchitis.

WE'LL SEND YOU
A SAMPLE FREE.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ont.

VILLAGE DETECTIVES.

Sleuth Against Sleuth in Briggsville.

As Briggsville was a town of 2000 inhabitants and boasted a fair hotel, there had been arrivals there by train for many years, but they were what might be termed-day arrivals. Drummers paid the town a visit, men looking for an opportunity to go into business would come that way; strangers who didn't always unburden themselves to the inquisitive landlord would come and go. Each and every guest received more or less public notice, but dropped out of mind when he dropped out of sight.

The man who finally arrived slipped in so quietly that he had been a guest for three or four days before it was generally known that he was present. He walked up from the depot instead of riding in the bus and paying a quarter extra. He didn't make a rush for the bar as soon as he arrived. He didn't cuss the train for being late nor cuss the town on account of the mudholes in the streets. He took the landlord into his confidence at once and explained that he was in poor health and might spend a month in recuperating. He ate supper and then sat down in the bar-room and smoked and dozed and answered but few questions and asked none at all, and it was the general verdict before he went to bed that he didn't amount to shavings compared with other arrivals.

George K. Jones, as the man who arrived had given his name, moved about town for the next week without attracting any particular notice, and without anyone caring particularly about his health. The landlord of the hotel had just told a friend of his that Jones was apparently a softy, who had tired himself out in wondering why a coffee-mill turned to the right instead of to the left, when he was asked for a private interview. He instantly made up his mind that Jones wanted to stand him off, but he granted the request.

In two minutes there was a great transformation. Jones, of the sleepy eyes and lagging feet, became as alert as a fox. He acknowledged that he had registered under a false name; he confessed that he was not what he seemed; he owned up that he was at the head of a detective agency and ready to do business with his host on the most liberal terms. There hadn't been any crime of any account around Briggsville for several years, but this state of affairs could not last much longer. There would be a crime wave sweeping along pretty soon, and his agency wanted to be in it and make most of the arrests and receive most of the rewards.

He was there in advance of the wave to lay his wires. He wanted to make of the landlord a detective—a real old sleuth of the first order, and he had a printed commission, duly dated and signed, that would be exchanged for \$20 bill. The landlord was to spot robbers and murderers as fast as they turned up, and send his reports and receive half the rewards.

It did not take the proprietor of the Clarion over five minutes to decide on handing over. His income from the detective business would not be less than \$2900 a year, and his opportunities for "spotting" were all.

Of course, he was told that looking wise and sawing wood was the foundation of detective work, and given many verbal instructions, and half an hour later he was down in his bar and sizing up three or four old toppers he had known for 15 years, and wondering which of them was plotting murder. That evening he picked out no less than seven men to keep an eye on in future and it was generally remarked that he seemed more alert than usual.

Next day the man who arrived sauntered into the livery stable. He had sauntered in there before, talked horse for a few minutes,

and then sauntered out again, much to the disgust of the owner. This time he didn't talk horse. The livery man was all alone, but he was taken to the rear end of his barn to be communicated with. Mr. Jones had also noticed that he had an eye like an eagle and a perspicacity that enabled him to tell a horse from a cow on sight. The livery man was flattered. He couldn't help but be. He had been called a fool often enough for trying to conduct a livery business in a country where there were 264 separate, distinct and steep hills, and to find that all the people had been wrong about it all the time was like pouring sweet oil on a burn.

After an hour's conversation the man of horses and buggies gave up \$25 and received a commission to act as detective. He was not confined to any one sort of crime, but could go ahead and do business with criminals of all sorts, regardless of age or sex. Before Mr. Jones had left the stables, the newly made detective had made up his mind to keep an eye on the landlord of the hotel. He had long suspected that counterfeit money was being made in the garret of the Clarion.

The man who arrived took another saunter that day. He sauntered into Mrs. Bascomb, who kept a small millinery and notion store. He had not come for a fall hat nor a paper of hairpins. What he had come for he related in whispers accompanied by a confidential demeanor. His agency needed women detectives. A word caught up now and then as a woman customer was trying on a hat or buying a yard of tape might lead to the unearthing of a great mystery.

Mrs. Bascomb was located next to the postoffice. She could keep her eye on the postmaster. There was a blacksmith shop opposite. She could have the smith and all his customers under constant espionage. As it was dull times in the millinery business, it took a full hour's talking to make Mrs. Bascomb part with \$30 in cash in exchange for a detective's commission, but she finally parted, and was advised to "spot" all cross-eyed men mailing letters at night after the postoffice had closed.

During the next week, the man who arrived was on the saunter most of the time. The two drygoods merchants and one of the grocers refused to buy commissions on account of religious or some other scruples, but everybody else approached had only to be talked to for a few minutes to pay the price. If they wouldn't pay \$30 the price was gradually reduced to \$5. The arrest of a single murderer, they were told, would make them good a thousand times over.

Not less than 20 women were included in Mr. Jones list, and when he could secure no more clients in the town he worked the surrounding country. Not a farmer or a farmer's hired man turned him down. It happened in several cases that both the farmer and his man took commissions and instructed to watch each other.

When Mr. Jones departed, he left more than 100 detectives behind him to watch for the coming of the crime wave. They were to make reports to the home office whenever they struck a clue. Not on their life or lives were they to give away the fact that they were working for the agency or keeping their eyes peeled. Craft, cunning and silence must be the order of the day.

During the next two months Briggsville had an uncomfortable time of it. Everyone had a feeling that he was under espionage, and his feeling was right. There was prowling about by day and by night. Men and women sitting in their church pews on a Sunday glared around in a suspicious manner and forgot all about the sermon. Boys and girls of tender years found themselves shadowed and went home to tell fathers and mothers who were shadowing someone else.

It was at a church social that the grand expose came. Mrs. Bascomb brought it about by charging the cross-eyed cooper with mailing a letter at mid-night. This was in revenge for his hogging down more than his share of the ice cream. In five minutes it came out that there were about 40 detectives present, and that each one had been spying on the others, and then a free-for-all scrap occurred, and the police made several arrests. This brought out the whole plot and laid bare the character of the man who arrived, and there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

That was ten years ago, but the detectives of Briggsville have never forgiven each other. The crime wave has not arrived, but they glare and shake their fists at each other. And in some locality the man who arrived is arriving again and repeating his performance.

Thousands of Canadians

use Ozone (the coupon kind) because they know it is superior to any other brand on the market, because they get nearly twice as much for their money as they would were they to buy any other make, because it is the only way in which they can procure one full sized 25c. package of Celery King free of cost.

To effect a permanent cure of germ troubles we recommend that Celery King be taken with Solution of Ozone and remember the Celery King is supplied at our expense. No other firm can make this generous offer. We alone have the right to give Celery King with Ozone, so be sure and ask your druggist for Ozone (the coupon kind).

THE PUBLIC DRUG CO.,
BRIDGEBURG, ONT.

The Difference Between Expert and Unskilful Tea Blending

THE qualities of different teas prove that there is a distinct difference between expert Red Rose blending methods and the usual methods.

Several kinds of teas may be blended, but if unskilfully selected they will not combine to make a perfect blend; they will retain their original individual characteristics with their roughness and harshness emphasized.

Such tea is bitter, poorly flavored in the cup (and there is much of it in bulk and package form on the market). It emphasizes the result of inexperience, lack of knowledge of combining qualities of different teas, imperfect blending, poor selection, and the hundred and one other causes of poor tea.

But my expert Red Rose blenders select the right grades of strong, rich Indian teas and delicate fragrant Ceylon teas, and produce Red Rose Tea with entirely new characteristics—a tea with that "rich fruity flavor"—a tea so exquisitely different and better than any brand of Ceylon alone, that no one who once tries it ever goes back to Ceylon again.

Red Rose Tea

is good Tea
T. H. Estabrooks
St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg



The Smile That Won't Come Off

Is always worn by the thrifty housewife who uses one of our Re-Acting Washing Machines. They save labor and Clothes. If you have not got one buy now. Sold by

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON,
WOODSTOCK AND CENTREVILLE.

A Game for Three.

A new form of petty swindling, which has been worked with success in at least one case in Malden, has been brought to light. A well-dressed woman went into the store of an Italian fruit dealer in that city to make a small purchase, and while the proprietor was busy doing up her fruit she appeared to be searching for something on the floor. She then explained to the fruit dealer that she had lost a very valuable jewelled ring, which might have come off when she took off her glove, and perhaps it had rolled out of sight somewhere in the store. Or possibly she had lost it before coming into the store. Both made further search for the missing ring, and the woman left, first giving the Italian her name and address, and stating that she would gladly pay a reward of \$100 for recovery of the ring, which she described as containing diamonds, rubies, sapphires.

All by himself, the fruit dealer made still more careful search, yet without result. Afterward, while standing outside of his store, he saw a man seemingly pick up something, which he proceeded to examine by the light in the window of the fruit store. The Italian saw that it was a ring with stones exactly like those described by his customer. There was his chance to secure the promised reward of \$100. His statement to the other man that he knew who owned the ring, and his story of the woman's deep regret at losing it, was decided at first, but finally the man, being in a hurry himself, as he stated, agreed to let the Italian have it for \$10. The vendor of fruit and peanuts dressed himself up in his best clothes and hastened to the address given by his customer, to find only an open lot, instead of a house and a woman distressed over the loss of her 'very valuable' ring. This turned out to be worth perhaps a quarter of a dollar. Moreover, the 'finder' of the ring, really had it in hand when he pretended to pick it up from the sidewalk.—Boston Transcript.

NOTICE.

You Have Some Plumbing

You want done before winter. Why not get it done now? I can do it for you promptly, thoroughly and neatly, and at a reasonable price. Don't delay this work till the cold weather is here. Orders from out of town promptly attended to.

J. P. PICKEL,

Plumber,

Connell St. Woodstock.

"The Best Picture I Ever Had Taken."

Is a remark made daily in our studio by those receiving photos.

It does not matter whether you ever "took a good picture" or not. Try us.

If we fail to please you it will cost you nothing. But our guarantee of satisfaction insures that you will be pleased.

SPECIAL VALUES FOR
FEBRUARY AND MARCH

Wilson's,

Cor. Main and Connell Sts.

SALESMEN WANTED for CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES. Largest List of Hardy Specialties in Fruit and Ornamental Stock, suited for New Brunswick. Liberal Inducements. Pay Weekly. Exclusive Territory. Write for terms and catalogue. STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ont.

Be Good-Natured.

(Hamilton Times.)

We all like the good-natured man or woman. He or she may have many faults, but we forget them all when we hear their cheery laugh or good humored speech. We may be out of sorts ourselves, by grouchy and growling and ready to snarl when spoken to, but the man with the hearty laugh and the woman with the pleasant smile and kind word act as an antidote to our own curmudgeon sort of feeling, and we thaw out in their presence. A good-natured fellow is like a ray of sunshine lighting up a darkened room. We may be all snapping and biting at one another, each one more ill-natured than the other, when in bustles Mr. Good-nature, and before he is five minutes in the place we all feel mortally ashamed of the contemptibly mean sort of disposition we have been showing to each other. His laugh is infectious. It is also a tonic—better than doctor's medicine. The good-humored man is an optimist; he sees the bright side of things. If Johnny has fallen and broken his arm, he is glad it wasn't his neck. If he lost \$50 on a speculation, he congratulates himself that it wasn't a thousand. In fact, one of his mottoes is, "It might have been worse." He sees good in everything and everybody, and if you should hint that your neighbor is no better than he is called, that he takes a drop too much or is unkind to his wife, he will point out a lot of good qualities the man has and will convince you that he is not as bad as you thought he was. In fact, if it wasn't for the good-natured man who goes about brightening things up and heartening us we should be much more miserable than we are. How is it with you? Do you think you could qualify for membership in a sunshine club? Or are you sour enough to turn milk and cold enough to freeze the water pipes?

A Word About Extradition.

The proceedings for the extradition of Gaynor and Greene from this province to the state of Georgia gave rise to much unfavorable comment on the delays of the law. Some United States newspapers were complimentary at the time in their allusions to our Canadian system of procedure and even went so far as to cast reflections on our judiciary. These critics have now a still more extraordinary case at home whereon to exercise their wits. Mr. John D. Rockefeller is wanted in Missouri to give evidence concerning the operations of the Standard Oil Company in that state. To secure his presence it was necessary to extradite him from the state of New Jersey. Proceedings were accordingly begun, but before these were completed Mr. Rockefeller quietly crossed over into another state and the whole process had to be begun over again, with the certainty that when the time comes to lay hands on him, he will have taken up his abode in the next state. This simple plan of evasion can be continued till Mr. Rockefeller has passed through all the states in the Union, and even then he could step on board a steamship and have all the world before him in which to play hide and seek with his pursuers. It may be grand to be a billionaire, the only one in the world, but to be thus hunted and haunted must take the gratification out of the enjoyment. Our Canadian system of inter-provincial extradition shines conspicuously simple in comparison with that of the United States. When anyone is wanted anywhere in the Dominion he can be taken from one province to another without trouble. The King's writ carries everywhere within the King's dominions.

His Talk Proved it.

"Seamen's return" tickets are issued by most British railways at seaport towns to sailors at reduced rates. When a somewhat stylishly dressed young man demanded one of Birmingham the booking clerk at a southern seaport town demurred. "Seamen's returns are only issued to sailors," he snapped. "Well, I'm a sailor," was the reply. "I have only your word for that," said the clerk, "how am I to know it is correct?" "How are you to know?" came the answer. "Why you leather-necked, swivel-eyed sea cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights you'll know I've been doing more than sit on a stool and bleating all my life, and you'll haul in on your jaw tackle a bit." The station master had been standing nearby. "Give him a ticket," he said; "he's a sailor."

It will be most unfortunate if the people who build and maintain country roads develop an antagonism toward automobiles. Dust and danger are the results of excessive speed, and other users of the road should not needlessly be exposed to either. The period of transition in vehicular traffic should be tided over by mutual forbearance.

It seems strange that the immigration law of the United States cannot be relaxed even in such a case as that of the Italian laborer who was stopped and sent back to Canada while on his way to a hospital on the American side of Niagara Falls, with both legs broken. It is not creditable to a great nation that treatment so inhuman should be extended to any human being in such a plight.